## WITTE DEAD L. BY SCOTT CAMPBELL

## II--The Case of Dickson's Diamonds

O, Jimmle, the burglar of today is not the burglar of a generation or two ago." said Felix Boyd, through a wreath of pipe smoke. "He is not the burly midnight ruffian at mere fancy of whom we shud-dered in our trundle beds, the bearded fellow in rough attire and sinister mask, with a kit of tools under his coat and a brace of Smith & Wesson's in his hlp pockets, whose chief attribute was brute force, and who cracked with equal complacency a merchant's safe or the merchant's skull."

Jimmie Coleman laughed, knocking the ashes from his cigar, and nodded

This central office man was Boyd's very intimate friend and most ardent admirer, probably the latter because he knew much more of Boyd's remarkable talents than any other man, so was best able to appreciate his extraordi-

He had dropped into Boyd's office in Pine street half an hour before, merely to enjoy a morning smoke in genial

"You are right, Pelix," said he. "Things have changed mightfly in that respect since we wore a freck and knickerbockers."

"Instead, Jimmie," added Boyd, in ruminating mood, "we have today the much more intelligent and dangerous seamp, who forms and executes his designs with exquisite cunning and sagneity, and who employs every modern mechanical device with which to overcome the constantly improving safeguards he encounters. The transition has been gradual, but is very pronounced, and the detective art has undergone a corresponding change."

"That is true, too, Felix."
"The successful sleuth of today. Jimmle, besides possessing the dogged persistency and brute courage of old, must be a man of broad intelliigence, a keen observer and subtle analyst, and one capable of discerning remote relations. The detection of The detection of obscure bits of evidence, and the art of making correct deductions therefrom, chiefly serve to solve the great criminal mysteries of the present

"Time and again, Felix, you have demonstrated that," nodded Coleman, "Witness that bond robbery of Curry, Cale & Fiske last November. By the way, I see that that man Wykoff, whom you suspected of having had a hand in that affair, is again operating

Boyd smiled oddly and laid away

Wykoff, as I remarked at that time, was not the master knave in that affair," said he. "Take my word for it, Jimmie, there was another Richmond somewhere in the field. That ingenious robbery was not designed by Paul Wykeff, but by some much more cap-"To you still think so?"

"I do, indeed," said Boyd, with noticeable gravity. "It is my impression Jimmle, that something seriously wrong exists down here below the 'Dead Line.'"

Why do you think so?" "Don't ask me why; the gro misgivings are still vague and indefinite. Yet I seriously believe that somewhere in this wealthy locality, where millions change hands with each the very heart of our great financial

gentus for crime." 'A genius for crime!" echoed Cola-

"A man whose obscure personality may be only vaguely discerned behind crafty operations executed by others, yet directed by him with all the evil ingenuity and consummate foresight of a master of knavery. I see only vague signs of this at present, Jim w and then cropping out in crimes of new and peculiar originality of which point to a masterful and malignant genius hid in the background. As yet I have been unable to get the least definite line upon him; but some day I shall do so. Some crimes will give me a clue to this master knave, who, I believe, lurks about here like a spider in its web, and conspires with and directs a well-organized gang of-

'Easy!" put in Coleman, lifting his "There are steps in the corridor. Some one is coming this

A stranger unceremoniously entered. He was about fifty years of age, stoutly built, and his pale face and dilated eves at once indicated exceeding ner-

"I am looking for Mr. Boyd-Mr. Felix Boyd," he sald, quickly, with restless glances at each of his hear-ers. "Do I find him here?" Boyd reached for his pipe, at the

same time signing the stranger to a

"I am Felix Boyd," said he. "Take a seat, sir."

'In a moment, just a moment," neryously rejoined the stranger, hasten ing to produce a card. "I am Nathan Dicksen, of Malden Lane, dealer in diamonds, and the American agent for some of the largest diamond mer chants of London and Amsterdam. My

eard, Mr. Boyd." Thank you," murmured Boyd, with his keen, gray eyes half hidden under their drooping lids, "And what, pray, can I do for you, Mr. Dickson?

"I come to you from my bankers, who told me that, if I but mentle their name, you would readily advise me," Dickson quickly explained, m tioning one of the largest banking houses in Wall street. "I have been a depositer with them for nearly twenty years. Mr. Boyd, and they advised me to censult you, sir, instead of going to the central office, as I at

These references to the bankers served at once to insure Boyd's Interest, for reasons hinted at ha an earlier narrative. He laid down his pipe with-

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out having lighted it, and again waved

take it." said Dickson, as he sat down "Only since seeing your card," said Boyd. "I observe, however, that you are a married man, and very near-Dear me! Mow is that? Do I wear

That one of these deductions did not affect Dickson very pleasantly was apparent in his increased nervousness, and the sudden trembling of his hands on his knees; yet he laughed a little

"Oh, yes, quite right; you are quite right. Mr. Boyd. 1 am very near-sighted, very, when viewing objects close at hand. Yet I do not even require glasses for observings things at

That is occasionally the case, I un-

"I am told so. Yet I believe that very few are as sorely afflicted as I. I can read only with a very powerful glass, as you may see."

And he now displayed his reading glass, a thick lens nearly six inches in diameter, having a silver rfm and an ebony handle. Boyd merely glanced at t, then turned to Coleman, who had

"Drop in a little later, Jimmie," said "I imagine that Mr. Dickson will not engage me."

No. Mr. Boyd, not very long," said Dickson, when they were alone. 'I received in my mail this morning a letter which gives me great uneasiness, if not serious alarm. I took it to my banker's for advice, scarce knowing what else to do, and they advised me to consult you. I wish you would examine the letter; here it is, and ;e.l me what you think of it, and how ser! ously I should regard it. I am tempted to place it in the hands of the police for investigation.

Boyd examined the letter with interest, and was immediately struck with

Plainly the work had been very carefully done, yet it had been found so delicate that the completed lines pre sented considerable irregularity, with the separate words differently spaced and slanted at various angles. mmunication thus conveyed was

Nathan Dixon, Maiden Lane: You look out for yourself. Persons I dare not name are about to execute a design against you, the character of which I cannot safely disclose. I am a friend to you, and this is a warning you will not wisely ignore Guard yourself and that most dear to

sive, then looked up at the grave face of his waiting visitor. "Have you the cover in which this

"Yes, here it is," bowed Dickson.

late yesterrday afternoon. Evidently the sender designed this method to prevent being traced by his handwrit-

shock. My nerves are completely unstrung. It is so indefinite, yet in a way so threatening. I don't know whether my life is in danger, or my property, or what. I am all of a tremble from head to foot."

Mr. Dickson. Are you a man of much

which is rather more than I possess, house in town during the winter.'

"You do a large business in dia-

houses; moreover, I carry a valuable

"Yes, certainly.

'Indeed, yes!" exclaimed Dickson. 'I never have felt otherwise.'

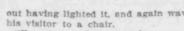
the patchwork letter Who among your friends, Mr. Dickson, is a practical joker?" he asked,

"Really I recall none." "Yet this letter is, in my opinion, the

work of such a person "A joke-a practical joke! Sent only to annoy or alarm me!" exclaimed Dickson, with much eagerness. "Do you really think so, Mr. Boyd! Indeed. I shall feel greatly relieved if that is your opinion. Do you really think so. Mr. Boyd?"

Plainly his relief already was great,

"I think, Mr. Dickson," said he, de-cisively, "that any true friend, so anxious to warn you of serious danger, could easily have found a way to in-



his visitor to a chair.
"You do not know me by name, I

niy heart on my sleeve?"
"Hardly that," smiled Boyd. "But a spot has been sponged from your yest this morning, presumably by your wife, since you scarce could have visited your tallor thus early; and I notice the handle of a reading glass protruding slightly from your inside

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It neither was written nor printed in the ordinary way. Instead, each word had been cut singly from some book or newspaper, evidently with a penknife, and then pasted on a blank sheet of

quite brief and read as follows:

"Printed with a pen," observed Boyd, and dropped in one of the street boxes

"That is apparent," cried Dickson, nervously, "But what of the letter itself? It has given me a dread'ul

"Which really is very foolish of you," said Boyd, indifferently. "I do t think your life is in any danger,

Bradstreet rates me at \$100,000. replied Dickson, more composedly. "I own a modest summer place near Jamaira Bay, where I dwell for about six months of the year, renting a

"I am still living in town. I expect to go down to my shore house with my family about the last of this

"Quite so. As agent for foreign

some," observed Boyd, raising his

'Do you consider your quarters in Maiden Lane, and the safe or vault in which you store your goods, perfectsecure against burglars?" inquired

Boyd smiled, and again glanced at

"And what do you really make of this, Felix?" inquired Coleman, curiously, examining the letter. Boyd laughed sofily, with an odd team in one corner of his eye.
"Make of it, Jimmie?" said he. "Not very much more than I told Dickson. Still, it presents a few curlous features. Notice that each word was cut

from some book or paper." and Boyd at once proceeded to further

"Now place the face of the pageagainst the window pane, so that the light strikes through it. You find that you then can decipher the print-

"Nothing more serious, sir."

What would advise me to do about

"Nothing at all," declared Boyd.

promptly. "I should give it no further attention. I am convinced that no

munication from an enemy surely

would be unworthy one's serious con-

sideration. If I were you, Mr. Dick-son, I should toss the letter into my

A noteworthy change had come over

the dealer in diamonds. His eyes were brighter, his cheeks flushed with satis-

faction, and a smile had dispelled the

manifest apprehensions with which he

He now shook the latter warmly by the hand, effusively utterlog his

thanks, and declaring that his own

opinion of the mysterious letter was

entirely changed, and that he now

When Mr. Dickson was about arising to go, however. Boyd carelessly

"If you will leave the letter with me until afternoon, Mr. Dickson, I will examine it more closely a little later.

in case any obscure features of conse-

mence have escaped me. Should I dis-

cover any, I will hasten to inform and

"Certainty," cried Dickson, readily.

"I have your business card," said

Boyd. "In case I should wish to reach you at home, which is not very prob-

ble, you had better leave me your uptown address. Write it on this blank if you like. Here is a pencil."

Dickson again drew out his lens, holding it in his left hand while he

wrote with the other, and bowing his

head nearly to the paper on which he

inscribed the desired address.
"There it is, Mr. Boyd," said he,

arising from his chair. 'I am always at home during the evening. My wife

and children are my chief comfort and delight. Call some evening, if

you will, when not your business. A thousand thanks for your opinion and

advice. My bankers tell me that you

invariably are right in such matters.

You cannot imagine how much you

Boyd smiled, and shook his proffered

hand, bowing him to the office door, where he bade him good-morning.

When Jimmie Coleman entered a little

later, he found Boyd at the window still studying the letter; and the lat-ter at once confided to him the oc-

easion of Dickson's visit.

should completely disregard it.

"I shall be glad to leave it."

thought."



"Under the word 'execute,' in the let-ter, you find the two words-'to exert." Plainly, Jimmie, those two words, as well as the italics noted, formed parts of the definitions of the two words descant' and 'exertion' on the reverse page from which the words 'design' and 'execute' were cut by the sender of

"Eureka!" cried Coleman, "It's dead open-and-shut, Felix, that the words of

Boyd; then he added, rather dryly; Very possibly, Jimmie, I some day shall discover the dictionary from which they were cut.

Yet Mr. Felix Boyd gave the matter very little immediate attention. That ifternoon he returned the letter Dickson at his store in Maiden lane, warrant serious apprehensions, and he sured that his earlier fears were en-

tirely groundless. Boyd next called upon Dickson's bankers, who stated that the latter was a man of sterling integrity, whose word was as good as his bond, and that his family comprised a wife and seven charming children.

So Boyd let the matter drop, to take its own course, whether up or down. and ten days passed before the crash came. Then, as he was about going out to lunch one day, a policeman ame rushing into his Pine street of-

"I say, Mr. Boyd! You are wanted down in Maiden lane at once." 'By whom, Gaffney?" Boyd coolly

"By Jimmie Coleman, sir! There's the devil to pay in the store of Nathan Dickson, the diamond dealer.

It was but a little after noon, with the sun shining unusually hot from a clear May sky, when Felix Boyd reached Maiden lane and joined Coleman in front of Dickson's place of

The store was a small one, occupying only the ground floor of a narrow brick building, that was wedged in between two much more imposing stone structures, looking much as if it had slipped in between such mas sive neighbors by some freak or mis-

The single, broad window was protected with high wooden shutters, and the store door guarded with a stout iron grating, then closed and secur-ed with a padlock. On a card tacked on the shutter of the door was rudely printed

OPEN THURSDAY MORNING. It being Wednesday, the card and the closed store plainly indicated that Dickson had planned to be absent for a day, and had left a notice when he

On the street fronting the store was a crowd of spectators, kept back by several policemen, and Boyd found Coleman and an officer engaged in forcing the iron grating guarding the closed

"What's the trouble, Jimmle?" he asked, as he joined him.
The central office man quickly looked up on hearing Boyd's voice.

'Ah, you're here! Good enough!" has gone to his summer home for the day. I happened along just after the son, who occupies the upper floors, Boyd glanced at a tall, elderly man.

man's explanation. Boyd quickly

"Did Dickson tell you he should be 'He did, sir, as he was closing up last night. He said he was going as summer place today, to plan for oc-Does lie employ nd clerks here, who

None sir. He runs his business alone. I greatly fear that a robbery has been committed here. The ex-plosion occurred about ten minutes Boyd glanced quickly at the window.

An inner curtain, drawn below the tops of the window shutters outside, prevented a view of the interior of the "Have you looked out back, immle?" he demanded, quickly.

"Yes, first thing," cried Coleman.
"The way is through that alley, and
the back window is closed with an iron shutter on hinges, secured inside the shop. There is a round hele in it through which I looked, but the smoke There has been an explosion in there all right, but I saw no signs of thieves n the rear area, which lies a bit lower than the street. I tried to force a

small cellar door back there, but it wouldn't give a hair, so I returned to tackle this one. Ah, now we're in!" The iron grating finally had given way, and fell clan; 'g upon the side-walk. With an iron par, Coleman then proceeded to force the lock of the door, in operation quickly accomplished

Boyd quickly followed him, first glaneing at one of the policemen, and Stand here, Gaffney! Let no one

Though the smoke now was partly dispelled, the shop was in semi-ob ity, and Coleman hastened to raise the curtain. Then a fiood of light entered he devestation within.

The shop was narrow, but quite deep. with a counter at one side, and a small inclosed office in front. Nearly at the ar was a large safe, partly fixed in the side wall, and fronted by an open pace near the rear window.

A glance about the place quickly told what had happened. The heavy door of the safe lay on the floor, and a part the side nearest the rear window

entirely exposed and easy of access. That they had been robbed of the most of their valuable contents was at once

NOTE When Inspector Byrnes commanded the New York police force he found it necessary to issue an order calling for the instant arrest of every crock found day or night in that part of the metropolis lying south of Fulton street. This stringent order quickly gained for the district the title "below the dead-line," at least in police circles. As the lower part of the city contains Wall and Broad streets and Maiden lane, where the great diamond houses are located, various efforts were made by the "under world" to evade the order. For several years a number of crooks, headed by an unknown but extremely clever criminal, succeeded in operating in the

district despite the police, and it is to chronicle their doings and their ultimate capture that Mr. Scott Campbell has written this interesting series of stories.

Contraction of the second of t

Furthermore, indicating the violence of the explosion, the counter was thrown awry, and the glass of the rear window was scattered in fragments over the floor, leaving only the secured iron shutter, through the round aper-ture in which entered a beam of sun-

light from the rear area or yard. On the broad sill of this window lay a large reading glass, similar to that which Dickson carried on his person; but of Dickson himself, or of the knaves guilty of perpetrating this mid-

day burglary, there was not a sign.
"Whew!" whistled Coleman, the instant his gaze fell upon the scene. 'Here's a mess! A burglary in broad "Burglary, indeed!" exclaimed Boyd.

The crooks have made a clean sweep, This will settle me in Dickson's opin ion. That patchwork letter of his nad a wicked meaning, after all.' "I should say wicked!" eried Coleman, burriedly opening the rear shutter, and springing out of the window.

I'll see what I can find out here, "Go ahead!" cried Boyd, "Til examine things in here."

Coleman returned in about five minutes, bearing in his hand a pair of solled rubbers, with which he scram-

bled back through the window, remarking, rapidly: "There are footprints in the soil of the alley, but not at all definite. Yet the crooks must have escaped by that way, and one of them probably wore these rubbers, for I found them under some refuse Sear the alley exit."
"Very likely," said Boyd, glancing

at them, "Burglars frequently wear them to muffle their steps indoors. Size eight, aren't they?" A flight of stairs from one corner led to a dimly lighted cellar, to which Boyd quickly conducted his compan-ion. At the foot of the stairs he halt-

ed, and pointed to a narrow door, the one Coleman vainly tried to force from outside. Against it was a heavy piece of joist, one end of which was securely blocked several yards

from the door. 姓 姓 "Humph!" ejaculated Coleman. They went that way, and the timber shows how they secured the door after them. It was so adjusted as to fall into place when the door closed, hus prevent the immediate entrance of anyone anxious to learn the cause of the explosion. The delay gave the crooks a chance to get well away. They have done the job all right, covering their tracks well, and already

have a long lead on the police. There's no question about that." Boyd nodded indifferently, and led

the way upstairs.
"You had better rush a message up to Dickson's wife, Jimmie," said he. "Here is his city address. Have her, or some of his family, telegraph to Dickson, and bring him here as quickly

middle of the afterno 'I'll do so at once," nodded Coleman, hastening to the front door, where he not only started a messenger for Dickson's residence, but also dispate led another to headquarters to report the

extraordinary burgiary. When he returned he found Felix Boyd on his knees a few feet from the ruined safe, and between it and the rear window. He was intently engaged in studying, with the help of Dick-son's large reading glass, the hard pine boards of the bare floor. "What have you discovered there?"

Coleman demanded, with immediate

"Nothing much," muttered Boyd, glancing up. "Only this smutty mark across the floor, Jimmie. It begins here and ends at the corner of the safe." "What do you make of it? What

"It was caused by a fine fuse, Jimmie, with which the charge in the safe was exploded. In burning it scorched the floor a little, making this almostmperceptible dark line. At first sight thought it was a narrow crack only, out this lens belonging to Dickson rereals its true character. Very kind of Dickson to have left a glass so handy. There was in Boyd's voice an inton ation so vaguely odd that it brought a

look of perplexity to Coleman's attentive face. He could discern no more than had been pointed out to him, however, and he growled, a little im-"Well, what of it? What do you mean by that? We know the charge was exploded by some means, and

what matters whether a fuse or an electric current was used? "It doesn't matter much, Jimmle, returned Boyd, still on his knees. "Yet I thought I would call your attention to the line. Here at this end of it is another feature, too, hardly discernible except with the glass."
"What's that?" inquired Coleman,

Here are two curved lines, parallel and scarce a quarter-inch apart," said Boyd, with his finger on the spot from which the fuse apparently had started, "They are very faint, almost like partly obliterated pencil marks. Can you see them, Jimmie? Here, take the

Yes, I can see them now," muttered Coleman, peering through the powerful lens. "But what of them?"

Nothing of much consequence, I guess," Boyd slowly answered. appear to be faint scorches, like the other. It's odd, though, that both curve so regularly. Maybe they were caused by the flame of the match with which this end of the fuse was lighted. As you say, Jimmie, it doesn't matter much how it was done."

While he spoke, Boyd gazed oddly down at Coleman from the corner of his eye, but the latter's attention was upon the floor, which he still studied

'I don't make anything of it, Felfx," he presently declared, arising to his feet. "I have sent to headquarters for assistance. We must lose no more time before getting the pelice after

"Quite right," nedded Boyd, taking the reading glass and replacing it on the sill of the back window. "Since I see nothing more that I can do for you here, Jimmie, I believe I will go and lunch. I was about going when

"Very well. I shall wait here until the chief comes down."

"By Jove! I fell very sorry for Dick-son," added Body, as he turned to go. "He surely will set me down for a blockhead of the first water. Who would have believed that that infernal letter carried, between its deucedly crooked and patchwork lines, a hint at so audacious a crime as this? Yes, I feel very sorry for Dickson! I must run down here later in the day and

try to square myself with him."

With which observation, to which Coleman made no reply, Mr. Felix Boyd passed out into Maiden Lane \*and departed. The news of the extraordinary daylight burglary had spread rapidly and

a great gathering of people thronged 姓 姓 Reporters and artists were hurrying to the scene of the crime, and soon the chief from the central office, accompanied by several of the shrewd-

est subordinates, put in an appear-Long before evening the story of the burglary was known throughout the city, and all the powers of the police were being strenuously applied to

tracking the burglars. Late in the afternoon Mr. Feltx Boyd again visited the scene, expecting to find Dickson, and express his regrets over what had occurred. Nor was he disappointed, for Dickson had rrived at his store about 3 o'clock, well nigh overwhelmed by the dis-aster befallen him. Boyd found him monning and in tears, crushed under a despair much too great for expression and he hastened to excuse as best he

could his own obvious blindness.
"Oh. I don't blame you, Mr. Boyd, I don't blame you," Dickson tearfully reiterated, in response to Boyd's expressions of regret. "I'm ruined, utterly ruined, but I don't blame rou, sir. No mortal man could have foreseen this from that blind letter. I am a victim of burglars, Mr. Boyd: and I feel sure that I have secret enemies, also, who are striving to undo me. I'm bankrupt, utterly ruined, but I

don't blame you in the least."
"That's very kind of you, Dickson, I am sure," said Felix Boyd. "How

great is your loss?" I cannot tell yet, not precisely," groaned Dickson, "Two hundred thousand at least, and probably more. Many of the diamonds were consignments only, and I never can make good for them, never! I am utterly ruined, but I don't blame you, sir. You advised me the best you knew.'

"I certainly did, Dickson," said Boyd, sorrowfully, "Were you at you shore house when informed of the "Yes. I went out there alone this house next week. I received a telegram

from my wife, conveying the dreadful news, and I at once returned. God help me, Mr. Boyd. I'm a broken man from this hour. I never shall re-cover, never! But I don't blame you, sir: I don't blame you in the least,

'Are you booked for anything special tonight, Jimmie?" inquired Felix Boyd of Coleman, in the afternoon of second day following the burglary

'Nothing more pressing than Dicksen's affair.' 'Have the detectives struck any trail worth following? 'Not as yet. It's an infernally blind case," declared Coleman, "Do you know, Boyd, I begin to believe

master knave is at work in this local-Boyd laughed indifferently, and made

no direct, reply "You can let Dickson's case drop until tomorrow. Jimmie." said he. want you to make a night run into the suburbs with me, so meet me at the Thirty-fourth street ferry at 7 o'clock, You'll learn for what a little And by the way, Jimmie, you had better come in disguise, and have a gun

從 烧 Coleman knew Boyd too well to atmerely signified his assent, and promptly at 7 o'clock the two men.

oth effectively disguised, met at the ferry mentioned, Still Boyd disclosed nothing Ha crossed the fiver with his compani bearded a train at the Long Island rallway station, and entered into con-versation with Coleman until tney reached South Woodhaven, soon after dark. There they left the train, and Boyd soon was leading the way across the broad strip of country lying along the waters of Jamaica Bay, the salty ir from which fanned their flushed

What the dickens are you after out Coleman finally ventured to

demand, with some impatience.

Boyd laughed, and quietly rejoined: "I am after Dickson's burglars, Jim-

'The devil you say!' "Easy! We are nearing our destination, and must not be seen nor heard. Stille I believe we are well in advance of our quarry, who possibly may not show up at all. Yet a would bet that somebody will put in an appearance, in which case I must know what sort of a trick is to be turned here tonight, Carefully now, and come this way. Yonder is Dickson's place.

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